

Useful  
Hints

# Woman and Home

Ethical  
Talks

## WHO'S GUILTY?

3rd Story, The Tangled Web  
By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow

Author of "The Silver Butterfly," "The Black Pearl," "Sally Sue," etc.  
(Novelized from the series of photoplays of the same name released by the Exchange and shown at the Victor Theatre, 1916, Mrs. Wilson Woodrow)

**SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.**  
Mrs. Alden had made a failure of her own life. Therefore, she was heretofore resolved to make a success of her daughter's. To Mrs. Alden, at fifty, success meant wealth. And not love alone, but love as perceived by Fleetwood Blair, young heir and Bateson Kendrick, shrewd and rich, joint house party at the Aldens. The young people go coasting.

(Continued From Sunday.)  
She finished the sentence by jumping on the sled as he set it in position at the summit. He knelt beside her on it, and with a kick gained the needed headway for the "coast."

Faster and faster down the steep hill whizzed the sled.

"You'll have to do the steering," called the girl, above the rush of the wind; "my skirts are tangled around my feet."

"I can't," he made answer. "How can I when I've only half the sled and have to kneel on it? I thought you were going to—"

His speech was cut short. They struck a rut. The sled unsteered, skidded wildly to one side and turned turtle, spilling its two passengers into the soft snow. Clinging together, shot onward by the impact of their fall, they rolled over and over, until they collided with a bang against the trunk of a hemlock tree.

The impact knocked the breath clean out of them. Laughing, gasping and coughing they brushed the loose snow out of their eyes and mouths. Then Blair managed to get to his feet, and, stooping down, lifted Ruth.

She could not at once get her balance and stumbled awkwardly. She might have fallen but that he caught her in his arms. "The movement involuntarily brought their laughter flushed faces perilously close together. And, before he realized what he was doing, Fleetwood Blair had kissed the red, laughing lips that were so close to his own.

The flush on Ruth's face deepened to a flood of crimson. But before she could speak or move, Blair caught her again in his arms, and was exclaiming, in boyish adoration:

"Oh, I love you, sweetheart! You must always have known how I love you! Won't you marry me? Say you will, Ruth."

For a brief instant she wavered. Then her slender arms stole up around his sweater neck, and he heard her murmur:

"I—I think I've loved you ever since I first saw you, Fleet!"

A howl of delight from a dozen throats broke in on their love-confession. The other coasters, returning up the hill, had come full in sight of them. Dropping their sled ropes, the boys and girls bore down upon the embarrassed but rapturous couple, yelling congratulations, shouting at the sight of their love.

Presently Ruth broke away. "Fleet!" she called over her shoulder. "Let's go up to the house and tell mother; she'll be ever so happy about it!"

"Yes," Blair asserted, much less enthusiastically. "Let's go and get it over with."

Meantime, Ruth was not the only member of the Alden family who was hearing an echo of love's young dream. When the young people trooped out of the house, Mrs. Alden and Kendrick seated themselves in front of the crackling wood fire. And Kendrick, holding his chilled hands to the blaze, came at once to the point of his visit.

"Mrs. Alden," he began abruptly, "I am a plain business man. And I am past the age of Romeo-talk. But I am in love. Desperately in love."

Mrs. Alden glanced across in cover eagerness at him. He was very evidently in terrible earnest; and she wondered that, at her age, she should have been able so utterly to enslave his

heart.  
"Yes," she said, encouragingly, as he paused.  
"You'll laugh at me for an old fool," he went on, hesitatingly, "but—"  
"But true love is never foolish and never old," she put in, helpfully.  
"I'm glad to hear you say that," he answered, "because I was afraid you'd laugh at me. I'm head over heels in love, Mrs. Alden—with your little girl, Ruth."

The woman's heart stopped beating for an instant, then thudded violently. There was a blur, a shock, over her vision.

(To Be Continued To-Morrow.)

**Menu Suggestions**  
**Breakfast.**  
Sliced Pineapple Oatmeal Omelet  
Stewed Potatoes Butter Beans  
Parker House Rolls Coffee  
**Lunch.**  
Chicken Salad  
Graham Bread Sandwiches Cocoa  
Prune Pie  
**Dinner.**  
Cream of Pea Soup Croutons  
Creamed Potatoes Steak  
Lettuce, Fresh Dressing Beets  
Strawberry Shortcake Coffee

## The Manicure Lady

The Head Barber Sees Jam Ahead for Uncle Sam.

By William F. Kirk.

"I see the President has called out the militia," said the Manicure Lady. "It looks like we are getting into a regular jam, George."

"I used to belong to the militia, but I'm glad I'm through," said the Head Barber. "I'm married now, and I think my duty is at home, except my evening out."

"They don't need you," said the Manicure Lady. "You're too loud to fight."

"I don't get much chance to be loud around where you are," said the Head Barber. "Or proud, either. I don't know what I ever done to you to make you so spiteful to me, kid."

"Sometimes the truth seems like spite, but as not spite, only kindness. I wish all my friends would be frank with me at all times, George. It would be so much nicer."

"If they was frank with you, they wouldn't be your friends long," said the Head Barber. "People don't like frankness except when it hits somebody else. But, as I said before, I don't care much about going into a jam and I'll be satisfied to read about the war from here. Of course, if the country was really in danger, I would go like a flash."

**Heroes Needed.**  
"And I guess you'd be like a flash after you had went," said the Manicure Lady. "You ain't in no condition to fight, George. They want young hunkies. They want men that don't say nothing, but just saws wood. They want heroes."

"There ain't no streak in me that anybody ever dug up," said the Head Barber. "It ain't because I'm afraid that I don't want to go. I don't believe in war, that's why I don't want to go. War is a terrible thing, kid. I know."

"If your country called you, George," said the Manicure Lady. "I would bow my head to the inevitable, or whatever you call it, and wish you good luck. Brother Wilfred says he is going. There's a lot of good in that boy, after all the way it seems."

"He says that he is willing to go, and that if he falls he wants them to wrap him up in Old Glory and read one of his poems over him. This is the poem he has wrote, so he can have it along in case he gets plugged: 'Bury me here on the battle field. Where I fought so long and well. I fought till nature had to yield. When I got plugged with a shell.'"

"Bury me here on the battle field. That will ever shine above me. And say that I did fear no scars. When to the front they did shove me. That last part sounds as if he was

kind of nervous about getting onto the firing line," said the Head Barber. "Well," said the Manicure Lady, "from all I have ever saw of Wilfred, he couldn't have thought of no better line."

## What to Wear

Surplice Drapes Featured in Blouses of Sheer Esthetic.

By Mme. Qui Vive.

Women who see nothing beautiful in the offerings of fashion are dull of perception, and of such mental timidity they are not entitled to boast.

It is predicted by those who think they ought to know that the enlarged coiffure with its little curls that look not unlike clusters of sausages, will bring along a renewed interest in large earrings.

A certain rich, Oriental type of feminine pulchritude can wear earrings and endure. But the average female human, with ordinary snubby nose and ordinary features more or less snappy, is not improved by the addition of ear drops, particularly these new affairs that have as many layers as a short-cake, and whose excessive weight drag down the earlobes and distort the silhouette.

Very few women have beautiful ears, shell like and flat. Most women look better with ears partly covered. Earrings then do not embellish something that is beautiful, but rather call attention to something that is not beautiful. The only woman who wears them well is the wife of the hurdy-gurdy man, and she has all the Castilian stage settings that ordinarily should go with them.

Fastidious ladies avoid jewels as they avoid boasting of their family possessions. Enormous diamonds are no longer worn by women of really good taste, except on very grand and splendid occasions. A display of jewels is too much like a request to appreciate and recognize wealth.

Two distinct types of blouses must be part and parcel of the wardrobe of the summer creature.

She must have a softly trimmed, softly draped bodice for her taller, and she has need of plenty of strictly plain affairs for wear with sports clothes.

The artist's kind contribution illustrates an excellent model in sheer batiste, a fabric which divides honors with crepe Georgette and voile this season. The design gives the new blouse emplacement, forming an overdress on the front of the garment, which is extremely becoming to the slender figure. When the decoration is cut out and finished with lace, it can be drawn out after the coat is put on, thus forming an attractive jabot. The rounded, flaring collar extends almost to the waistline at the back. All these extra pieces are finished with flat lace.

Flowers placed on sunshade hats of linen; they are wonderful imitations of the porcelain flowers on fine old china.

Flowers of rubber and of wax, both real achievements in a way, are overshadowed by these exceedingly charming porcelain effects.

Large hats, trimmed with cut-outs of velvet in the form of flowers and birds, have parrots to match, and are very Bakstified and stunning.

Leghorns in mushroom shape, trimmed with silver ribbons and a few flowers, are in excellent taste. Shapes in hairbraid are expensive. But they are good investments at that, as they can be made over and possess wearing qualities that are astonishing.

Felt hats are the proper model for golfing and motorizing.

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**Moths Ruin Apples**  
A Remedy for Protection

Of all the 500 different kinds of insects which attack the apple, the fruit's most serious enemy is the codling moth.

It is nothing unusual for fully one-fourth of an apple crop to be ruined by the codling moth. In New York

while hand embroidery is used lavishly on the waist itself.

The long fairly full sleeves have a circular cuff that stands well over the hands.

The convertible collar is a feature of shirtwaists of linen, so are manish turned black cuffs. Washable silk cashmere is an interesting fabric for blouses. The chevron collar, so popular on jackets, appears also on separate waists.

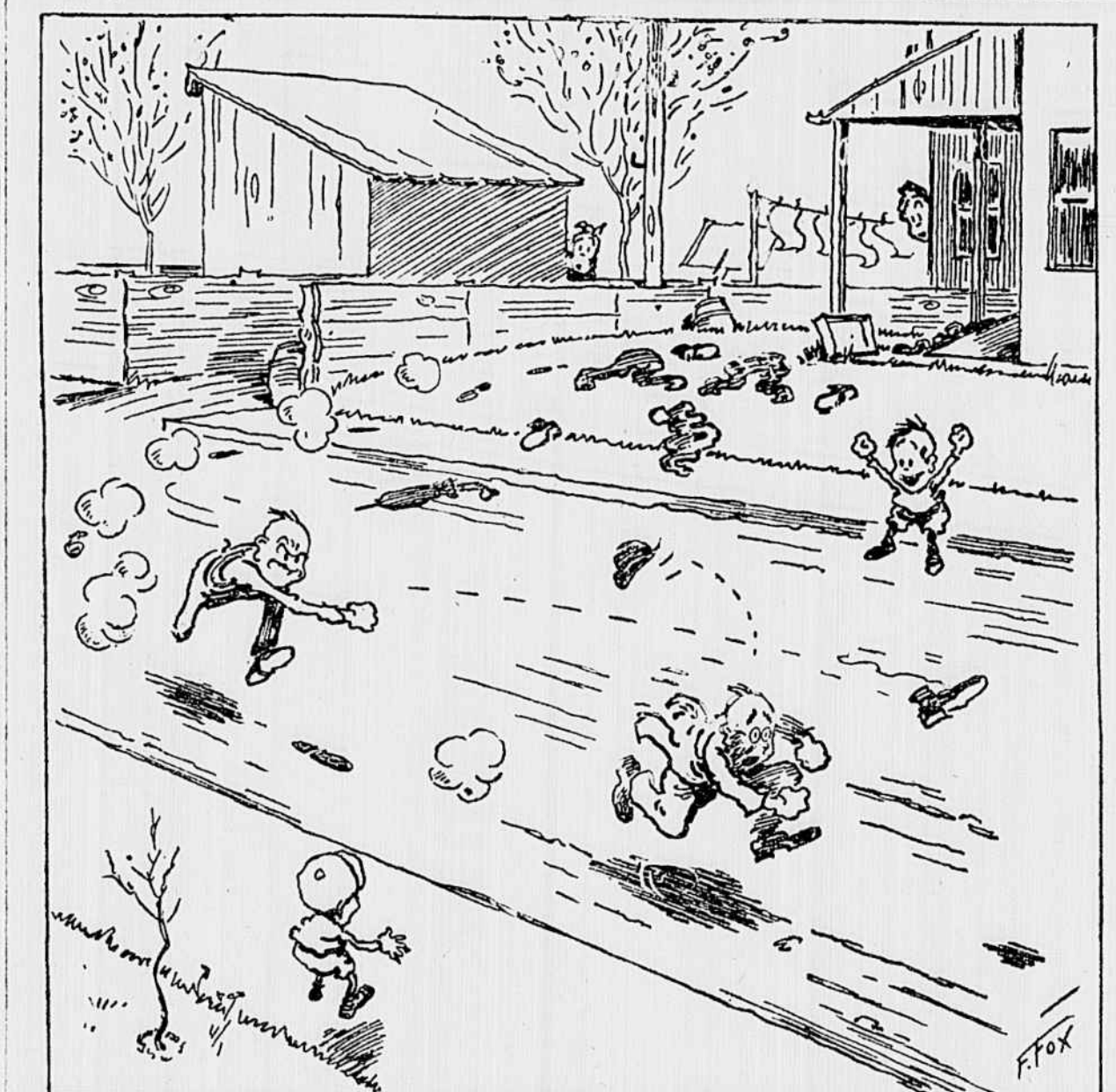
More than clever are the artificial

Model of Batiste.

More than clever are the artificial

For Three Suits of Clothes, Four Pairs of Shoes and Five Pairs of Old Trousers, the Second-Hand Dealer Offered the Terrible Mr Bang Twenty Cents. By F. Fox

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State the value of the fruit destroyed in this way every year is estimated at over \$2,000,000.

The codling moth passes the winter as a full-grown caterpillar, curled up in a tough silken cocoon under flakes of bark or in crevices in the trees.

With the first warm days of spring the caterpillars begin to transform to dark brownish pupae.

About two weeks after the apple blossoms fall, the pupae become moths. Their wings when expanded measure about three-fourths of an inch.

The average life of a moth is about ten days, and each female lays from thirty to 100 eggs. These hatch in ten days or less into little caterpillars, whitish in color and about one-sixteenth of an inch in length.

The little caterpillars live for a little while on the leaves, but soon make their way to the young apples, where they find the feeding they like best.

Most of them enter the apples at the blossom end. After feeding for a short time in the calyx cavity, they burrow to the core, eat the seeds, and hollow out a large cavity, which becomes filled with masses of waste matter and silk.

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J.B. Mosby & Co.

Summer Closing Hours

From June 15th to July 1st we close daily at 5 P. M.

During July and August we close daily at 5 P. M. Saturdays at 1 P. M.

From September 1st to September 15th we close daily at 5 P. M.

## Clover Day

To-Day, To-Morrow and Wednesday

We have prepared for and are expecting to have the most successful sale of the year.

Hundreds of lots of Summer Merchandise is on sale at prices a trifle above half.

Charge purchases made during this sale will not appear on your bill until the one rendered July 1st.

\$1.25 Messaline, 84c yard; yard wide; black, navy, cornflower, blue, terra cotta, light blue, Copenhagen, etc.

\$3.00 Striped Tub Georgette, \$2 yard; 40 inches wide, white with light blue, pink, gold, black, lavender and navy stripes.

46-inch Storm Serge, 69c; regular \$1.00 value; 46 inches wide; black and navy.

Fifty New York Trimmed Hats, \$3.00 each; values \$6.50 to \$10.00.

\$1.25 and \$1.50 Linen Bureau Scarfs, 98c; trimmed with Cluny lace and embroidery; sizes 18x45 inches and 18x54 inches.

75c Fancy Jacquard Bath Sets, 48c. One large Towel, one Guest Towel and one Wash Cloth.

Women's \$5.00 and \$6.00 Plain Pumps and Colonials, in patent and dull leather, \$3.85; broken sizes.

Women's \$20.00 to \$40.50 Sport Suits, \$15.00; velours, heavy serges, corduroy and Jersey cloths; all sizes and colors.

\$35.00 to \$45.00 Silk Dresses, \$21.75; Satins, Taffetas and Georgette Crepes, in navy, Copenhagen, black, reseda and wistaria.

## Be Young Looking Darken Gray Hair

You cannot be young and attractive looking, if your hair is gray, faded, dull and lifeless. Don't wait until you are entirely gray—keep your hair dark, glossy and lustrous with

**Hay's Hair Health**

It does it naturally. Keeps scalp clean, healthy, free from dandruff. It's not a dye—no one will know you are using anything. 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Dealers or direct upon receipt of price. Send for booklet Beautiful Hair. Philo Hay, Newark, N.J.

Jefferson Market—Bulletin No. 10.

PLACARDS STATING THAT

## The Jefferson Market

has been inspected and is found to be satisfactory by

## The Housewives' League of Richmond

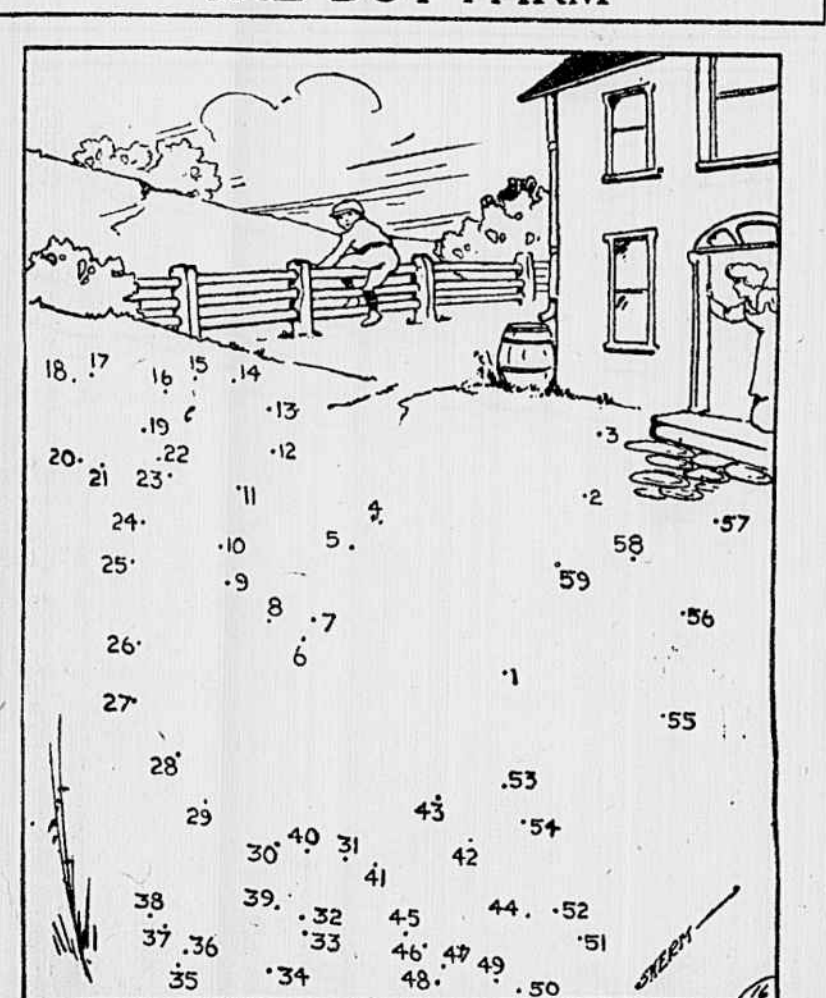
are the best advertisements The Jefferson Market has ever had.

It is only when a market, a store or a factory comes up to a high standard that

THE HOUSEWIVES' LEAGUE

shows its approval by awarding these placards.

## THE DOT FARM



One morning, right after breakfast, Tommy ran from the table to his room to get something and then dashed out of the house. As he was climbing the fence his Aunt Belle called to him.

"I'm just going down to the rock pasture to get some stones for my whinny," he said.

"I wouldn't go down there," his Aunt Belle told him. "Of course, there is no sign up telling you not to trespass, but if you do go down there you are quite likely to run into a very angry

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## Health Worry

only puts one further "under the weather." Often the best way out is to make a decided change in the daily diet, for sound health is largely a matter of selecting right food.

Active brains and vigorous bodies require wholesome, easily digestible food containing true nourishment, and it must include certain mineral elements, phosphate of potash, etc. These elements—lacking in many foods, but abundantly stored in the field grains—are supplied in splendid proportion in

## Grape-Nuts

This famous food is specially processed for easy digestion, has a delicious nut-like flavor and is always ready to serve direct from the wax-sealed, moisture-proof package.

Grape-Nuts with cream or good milk affords a well-balanced ration that makes for health and all 'round comfort—puts worry to flight.

## "There's a Reason"

Grocers everywhere sell Grape-Nuts.

# LYRIC

"WHERE THE CROWDS GO."  
TO-DAY---Matinee and Night---TO-DAY  
MATINEES EVERY DAY.  
THE GREATEST GIRL ACT IN ALL VAUDEVILLE.

## "THE RED HEADS" WITH JAMES B. CARSON

Book by William LeBaron. Music by Robert Hood Bowers. Production staged by James B. Carson.

18--SPLENDID CAST--18

INCLUDING  
James B. Carson, Marshall Taylor, Eleanor Sutter, Helen Dubois, Vivian Allen, Florence Harden, Flo Fallon, Beth Hardy, Mabel Carey, Alice Hoydt, Janice Day, Marie Francis, Irene Enright, Gladys Royal, Mabel Sparks, and Others.

Orchestra Conducted by Marie Mosler.

ALSO,  
BERT WILCOX AND COMPANY  
in "Reno and Return."  
LA PALERMA AND COMPANY,  
Dancing Novelty.  
RONAH, WARD AND FARRON  
in "Are You Lonesome."  
NEW SELIG-TRIBUNE.  
NEW LUBIN COMEDY.

NO ADVANCE IN PRICES.  
MATINEES (DAILY), 10 AND 20 CENTS.  
TWO SHOWS EVERY NIGHT, 10, 20, 30 CENTS.

Did you know that Danny O'Neil, the Al. G. Field favorite, will be with the big show the last half of the week?